The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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April Roll Call

IT would be humiliating to ask the governor, the secretary of state and the state treasurer to punch the time clock. But their chronic desertions of their offices has become notorious to those acquainted with the state house.

Suppose we call the roll for the month of April and see how many times each of these officials, the highest salaried elective, administrative officials in the state, answered "present."

There were 26 working days in April. Here is the "roll-call" for Governor Meier: Present on April 4, 11, 12, 13, 14, 19, 20, 25—a total of eight days. He was absent from the governor's office 18 days.

The salary of the governor is $7500 a year or $625 a month. If the governor put in eight working days in April he was compensated at the rate of $78.00 per day.

$78.00 a day! That is what it figures out. Pretty fair wages, is it not? The taxwhangers have been busy agitating for reduction of wages of men who put in full 26 days a month at the rate of $4.42 a day; but we have no suggestions from any of them that $78.00 per working day was too much to pay to the governor of the state.

We do not want to be unfair to Gov. Meier. We understand that once he was called back to Portland by word of the serious illness of his mother-in-law.. But April was little different from other months. The governorship so far as his office in Salem is concerned, has been a touch-and-go proposition ever since he became ill last August. The state was very generous during his illness, protracted as it was. But it had a right to expect that after his recovery he would get on the job and stay there.

The night of August 7th, 1930, when Mr. Meier was nominated for governor in a Portland mass meeting he announced:

> "If I am sent to Salem I shall go there as the manager of the biggest business in the state of Oregon. Everyone on the payroll will earn his salary or he'll not stay."

Yet we find Oregon's General Manager putting in only EIGHT days a month in his office. If the state government is the biggest business in Oregon it surely must require closer supervision than that.

When Meier became governor his energy was intense. He announced that no requisition for purchase of supplies would be filled without his personal "o.k." He bored into every list of supplies needed, drove hard bargains like the experienced merchandise buyer that he is. Now he pays no attention to purchases unless it be large cantracts. Contrast his savage enthusiasm ostensibly in the state's interest at the "witches' assize" of a year ago, the "trial" of superintendent of the penitentiary, with his present placidity.

It would appear that Mr. Meier has sucked the juice out of his dearly bought orange and now would throw away the rind, that he has gotten what thrills were obtainable from the bright red toy of the governorship and would cast it aside.

We understand that in his Portland office Gov. Meier discharges his duties as governor, but the main seat of government is in Salem. The salary is adequate to support a person who maintains his office and residence in Salem. The "main factory" is here. And EIGHT DAYS out of a month is wholly inadequate for the boss of the works to spend at the main plant.

Call the roll for the secretary of state and we find he would be answering "Present" on April 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 12, 13, 16, 19, 20, 21, 25, 26, 28, 30. This is a total of 15 out of 26 working days. A better score than the governor's, still less than 60 per cent of the time. The secretary of state's salary is $5400 a year, or $450 a month. When a person puts in 15 days out of the month in his office that is at the rate of $30.00 a day. Not bad, not bad.

Again we do not want to be unfair. Hoss does work hard when he is here; and official duties do no doubt call him from the capital on occasion. We think too that he puts in every day that he can. We give out no secrets when we say that Mr. Hoss does find it necessary to take frequent rests from the duties of his office, for physical recuperation.

Now we come to Rufus Holman, Rufus, the incorruptible. Without looking at the score we may be confident that Hon. Holman will be at his desk 26 days in the month, a few Sundays, and will work from eight to 12 hours a day. But what does the roll-call show for Rufus? During April, present on April 4, 5, 11, 12, 13, 18, 20, 21, 25, 28,—a total of ten working days. The state treasurer's salary is $5400 a year or $450 a month. For April then, for each of the ten days that he reported at the office Holman was paid $45.00 a day. Pretty good, pretty good the chaps getting $2.00 a day for road work would say.

Several of these days the treasurer spent only a few hours in his office. Once he made a terrible mistake. He understood the governor would be in Salem on a certain day so Holman dashed to his office to be on hand for any meeting of the board of control. He found however that the governor would not be in town, so Holman turned around and drove back to Portland, and had his trip to Salem for nothing.

Mr. Holman is the man who is the arch-conspirator for ECONOMY. He is the one who employed the snooper to see if any state official was using a state car and a few gallons of gas on any private business. He is the one who, while drawing this $45 per diem for each day he reported to his office in April, was chiseling down the allowances for meals of men and women traveling on state business. He is the one who, to save a few dollars to the state, was consigning state employes to second-rate hotels.

Holman, the Incorruptible. Ten days out of 26! Yet we do not understand that Holman has been ill at all or that his mother-in-law has been ill.

In Medford Friday Holman made a speech in which he said:

> "Don't believe what you read in the papers that are opposed to us, but come down and see for yourself."

Yes indeed, come down and see for yourself. And you would find Holman gone most of the time.

It is proper for state officials to visit various parts of the state. We do not insist on a time clock for these eminent officials. But we submit that the major portion of their time should be spent in their offices at Salem; and that such prolonged or repeated absences are in neglect of duty.

There may be some error in the "roll-calls" above cited; but the dates and the number of days are substantially correct. If not we shall be only too glad to make correction. But anyone who visits the state house knows that the governor and state treasurer are seldom in their offices and the secretary of state is absent not infrequently.

$78 a day; $30 a day; $45 a day . . . Times are hard, brother, times ARE hard.

Lay Sermon

PRIVILEGE OF MOTHERHOOD

"The Benjaminites did so, and took as many wives as they themselves numbered from the dancers that they carried off. Then they made off, and returning to their own territory, built cities, and settled in them." Judges 21:23.

So did the maidens dancing in the vineyards of Shiloh become the mothers in the cities of Benjamin. Good mothers no doubt they made. Memories, delightful memories of their girlhood days they retained, memories of the old home, the old landmarks, of work and play in the vineyards. Yet they stayed with their lusty husbands, helped build the cities in the distant territory, "and settled in them."

This method of mating was a bit irregular even in that day, but it was sponsored by all of Israel that the tribe of Benjamin might not be extinguished. The fact is still that the dancers of today are the mothers of tomorow. The pleasures of youth are shifted for the responsibilities of maturity. It is one of the enduring realities of life. No mechanical invention will ever change it; it is biologic law which is older than civil code or religion.

Maternity is an experience which none may share vicariously. It is the most revolutionary experience an individual may endure. Body and mind and spirit are forged in new fires and emerge altered and tempered and refined. The body is racked in travail, something vastly different from the dances of girlhood or the toils of the housewife. The torch of maternal love, never to be quenched, is lighted. New cares and new aspirations take hold. The woman who becomes mother moves into a new world of living.

This is a day which by some sentimental common consent is called "mother's day." On this day children are supposed to honor their mothers. It is as though motherhood was some great sacrifice—as though these girls should have been left dancing in the vineyards of Shiloh rather than have been snatched away to bear a new generation of Benjaminites.

But is motherhood a sacrifice? Does your mother think that bearing you was a sacrifice? For what would she exchange that experience of maternity? Even the unwed mother who suffers shame as well as pain, when she emerges from her agony clings to the child of her womb. Motherhood is not a sacrifice; it is a privilege. Ancient as the race has been the willingness of woman to surrender the delights of youth, its dances and its gayety, surrender the comfort of physical good health and the beauty of face and figure that she may become the mother of children. Who is there to say that in motherhood she does not find abundant compensation?

New Views

Statesman reporters yesterday asked this question about town: "What is your reaction to the McMahan-county court fight which is developing at the county courthouse?"

Frank Johnson, roadmaster: "I really don't know much about the matters involved in the complaint. I do think Judge McMahan has a good job; if I were in his place I wouldn't say anything."

John Heltzel, attorney: "The less the lawyers say about that question the better off they are."

George Tucker, excavating contractor: "I haven't thought much about it."

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

Real "Wise Crack" is Mouth That Stays Closed When Silence Best

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

The economic depression affects people's spirits differently. It is the same in Salem as elsewhere, only in Salem and the Willamette valley in general people are not given to violent demonstration.

Some children have measles light and some have them hard. (Is measles them? Or are they it? Measly word, anyway.) I have held a grudge against measles since 1880, when Mr. Garfield was nominated for president at Chicago. We lived only 300 miles from Chicago, and father had promised that I could tag along after him to the convention and get trampled on and run over and lost to my heart's content. But the measles intervened, and I didn't tag along. Instead, I stayed in bed, covered by at least a million red speckles, and thought sadly and measlishly of the battle going on in Chicago, and hoping that Mr. Conkling would fail in his effort to nominate General Grant for a third term, which he did, and that Mr. Blaine would be nominated, which he wasn't. Some kids used to take such things seriously, and I was that sort of kid. And it seemed to me the measles might have come at a time when my country didn't need me quite so much, which was, of course, childish unreasonableness.

People take things according to their nature. Some of us drop into a state of half-helplessness, throwing up our hands for the time being, and others of us find a stimulation in adverse conditions. It probably doesn't greatly matter how we take it, so far as our individual effort or lack of effort to effect a desired change is concerned. Perhaps the half-hopeless one, restored to his normal spirits by a return of normal times, has a bit the better of it. Certainly he is less wearied and

D. H. TAIMADGE

worn than the other when the job comes again to life or when the orders begin falling to the desk in the old way and the collectors again return from their excursions into businessdom with something more than a shortness of breath to show for their endeavors.

Everybody tells me that "something is wrong with the country," but I refuse to become excited about it. Certainly, something is wrong with the country. Something is wrong in spots and at intervals with all countries—ever has been and ever will be. If it isn't one thing, it's another. "Free" countries, where every man is king, seem to have more trouble than others. Such peoples bring troubles upon themselves in various ways natural to human beings. Then they elect presidents and governors and mayors and one thing and another and howl at them because they don't straighten matters out. And presently, matters having straightened themselves out, which they invariably do when the normally sensible majority sub-consciously or otherwise bend their efforts to that end, the men who chance to be in executive office when the change occurs become heroic figures and go down through history in a blaze of glory.

I reckon circumstances make more men historically famous than do the so-called elements of greatness they may have tucked away between their eyes and their bald spots.

A change for the better will come. It has been a long time doing it, but eventually it will come. Jase Hopkins, back in the bottomlands, called to his hired man, who was slinging desperately to a bull's tail, "Hang on, Henry; he's tirin'." Hope, sweet hope! But it hasn't been, nor isn't yet, so easy for some folks to hang on.

Ben W. Olcott, for nine years secretary of state and for four years governor of Oregon, was in town from Portland a few days ago, and I was with him long enough during his visit to stir up memories of a time now quite a while gone by when a certain reporter "covered," after a fashion, the state house and the state institutions for a local newspaper. Happy memories they are, too, which they might easily not have been had not Ben Olcott—and others as well, but especially Ben Olcott—not been friendly and helpful. The reporter did not know everything that was going on, perhaps, but he knew efficiency when he saw it and he recognized a kindly and sympathetic spirit when he felt it, and he liked Ben Olcott and likes him yet.

My fund of general information has been increased this week. I have asked a boy to tell me how many feathers has a cat. Silly question. Supposed to be funny, like other things that aren't. The boy didn't so much as smile. "Cats don't have feathers," he said: "if they had feathers they wouldn't be cats — they'd be birds."

Years ago I saw William Gillette play "Secret Service," a drama of civil war days. This week I have seen Richard Dix play it much as Gillette played it, bringing back the old thrills. Stirring, virile, absorbing, but hopelessly old-fashioned, I suppose. Not a word in the lines of it to cover a word forbidden by decency, not a word suggestion of sexual indiscretion. Frankly, it seemed mighty good to me. I reckon I must be getting hopelessly old-fashioned myself.

Now and then there is a mouth that remains closed when silence is better than utterance. And that's a wise crack.

No, no, buddy, "back to the soil" doesn't mean that you won't be required to wash your ears any more.

Director von Stroheim, it is said, would make a great emotional actress of Zazu Pitts. Notice is hereby served on Director von Stroheim, provided the rumor is correct, that the picture fans in Oregon don't wish Zazu Pitts to become a great emotional actress. She is quite all right as she is. Besides, we doubt exceedingly whether she could become a great emotional actress. Those face! that hands! ye gods!

Times come to everybody when, in the words of Tennyson, he "would that the tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me." There are no words that meet the emergency, or if there are he doesn't know them, which amounts to the same thing. Bun Hunchby was that way. Bun was rated a good soldier. He was promoted for gallantry during the battle of Shiloh. All he seemed to recall definitely was the fact that "it rained like hell," which is perhaps the reason that the committee on program invariably allotted the battle of Shiloh to him as a topic in the camp fire entertainments of the after-years.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

GASTRIC ulcer has been described as a circumscribed loss of substance in the wall of the stomach. In simple language this means that a definitely outlined sore forms in the internal wall of the stomach.

Dr. Copeland

Neither sex is immune, and the disease may occur at any age, although most cases are between the ages of 25 and 45 years.

The immediate causes of this condition are all those factors that impair the general health. Among these are anemia, tuberculosis, alcoholism and errors in diet, as well as the formation of excess acid in the gastric juice. Taking extremely hot food into the stomach is cited as a cause. This theory is borne out by the fact that cooks and chefs frequently suffer from ulcers of the stomach.

The symptoms are often vague. It is entirely probable that many persons have had the disease and completely recovered without treatment.

A person afflicted with this disease usually has indigestion with gas, heart-burn, nausea, and pain radiating to the left side of the back. The pain may be severe or only slight, and usually appears from a quarter of an hour up to two or three hours after meals. The old idea that this discomfort was caused by food irritating the ulcer has now been discarded in favor of the belief that a spasm of the stomach walls is responsible for the distress.

Diagnosis of gastric ulcer can be definitely made only by the X-ray. All is guess work without such an examination.

Effort should be made to discover the cause of the disease. The diet should consist mainly of milk, milk soups, albumen water and well cooked cereals. Small amounts of food should be taken at frequent intervals. All acid forming foods, such as sugar, vinegar, mustard and condiments, should be eliminated from the diet. The temperature of the food should be neither too hot nor too cold. Infected teeth and tonsils must be given attention.

Of course, all cases of suspected gastric ulcer should be under the observation and care of a physician. Individual advice is needed as regards diet, rest and medical treatment.

It is a great mistake to depend on one's own powers of diagnosis. Many a case of undernourishment can be traced to unnecessary dieting following a home-made suspicion that the stomach was ulcerated. Find out for certain.

Answers to Health Queries

Clarence W. Q.—What causes cracks in the tongue? I am troubled with constipation and excess saliva.

A.—Your trouble may be due to hyperacidity. Correct your diet and avoid poor elimination. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

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M. P. R. Q.—I hav been troubled with a pain in my hip joint. Could this be rheumatism?

A.—Possibly some infection in the system is usually responsible.

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L. G. Q.—On arising in the morning after an all night sound sleep I am so weak I can hardly walk across the floor. Please give me a reason for this.

A.—This condition may be due to autointoxication. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped self-addressed envelope.

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"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

SYNOPSIS

Lily Lou Lansing, young and pretty telephone operator, gives up her opportunity for an operatic career to marry wealthy Ken Sargent. Ken's parents had hoped their son would marry the socially prominent Peggy Sage and threaten to have the marriage annulled. The young couple go housekeeping and are blissfully happy. Then Ken loses his position and, one night, Lily Lou hears him sobbing. Next day, Ken's father calls on Lily Lou. He stuns her with the news that her marriage has been annulled, and gives her $500 and a railroad ticket to New York. Feeling that Ken no longer cares, Lily Lou leaves.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

It was a breathlessly hot day. On the New York train electric fans whirred, waiters hurried back and forth with frosty, clinking pitchers of iced punch, trays of ginger-ale and bowls of ice. Everybne complained.

Everyone but Lily Lou. She hardly noticed the weather. It was just a train ride to her, something to be endured. Toward the last she was so ill that she was frightened. Actively sick now. Sick to her stomach . . .

"This is what comes of giving in to your nerves," she thought, leaning weakly against the wall, looking with distaste at her greenish image in the small pullman mirror.

It was the longest day and night she had ever spent. Finally she was so physically miserable that all the mental miseries seemed to vanish. She thought no more of Ken, of her mother, of the things she was leaving behind. Her only thought was to get to New York, find a hotel, get a room, crawl into bed. . . .

Someone had told her about the American Women's club. It was way up town. After an interminable taxi ride she got there. There was some doubt about a room for her. Weak tears rushed to her eyes . . . she just couldn't start out again. But they found a place for her and she stumbled after the bell-hop gratefully. Threw herself, breathing heavily, on the bed.

In the morning a maid awakened her. "Beg pardon, Miss. I was afraid that you were ill."

"No, I'm not ill, thank you," Lily Lou said.

She got up, bathed, dressed. She must find work, make arrangements to begin to study, and find a place to live. She couldn't afford to stay here.

She was still very dizzy. Little black spots floated before her troubled eyes. But she went downstairs and bought a newspaper, tore out the "help wanted, female," column, and the section headed "Apartments to let," and a little further down "Furnished rooms."

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Only a girl with the splendid physical strength that was Lily Lou's could have done it. She fought the nausea. Forced herself to sleep, to eat, to rise early, and go out to find her way timidly in the unfamiliar streets.

Looking back at it afterward, it was never very real to her. Reading the want ads . . . watching her money dwindle . . . the worry of having to break another ten dollar bill. . . . Her room—really the back parlor of a musty old house on Fifty-seventh street, not far from Park avenue. . . . Hordes of people rushing. Rushing to work. Rushing to lunch. Rushing back to work. Rushing home from work. The unending stream of them. Sometimes it made her think of Market street in San Francisco, and the days she walked with Ken in the morning rush. . . .

And even when she could put him out of mind she couldn't fight the homesickness. It gripped her with its damp, pale fingers, hurting, with a hurt that was almost physical.

At times like this she made her way like a sleep walker through the crowd, eyes set, white face pain-wracked, crying in her heart, "Oh, why did I come? Why did I let him send me here?"

At night when she came home she went to the hall table and sorted over the meager pile of letters hoping there wouldn't. . . .

For when you get letters you must write letters, and she couldn't write the family the truth.

There was the hideous three weeks when she played the piano in a chop suey restaurant down on Broadway. An Armenian lad played the fiddle, an elderly German the cello.

Night after night an evil-eyed man with thick, ugly hands drummed at the table nearest the little orchestra, and leered at her. Sometimes he stayed just long enough to eat his dinner. Sometimes he lingered all evening, calling to her in a guttural whisper:

"Peachie! Hullo Peachie! Peachie kiss papa?"

She pretended not to hear. The elderly German went to the manager of the cafe and complained in voluble broken English richly interspersed with curses. The manager lifted fat fingers in a helpless gesture. The man paid, he created no disturbance, what can one do?

Lily Lou was terrified. She felt that the man was demented. She asked the Armenian youth if he would mind walking to the subway with her at one o'clock, when they were through. He agreed, and after a week she found his jealous fiancee waiting for them with a vial of something that she screamed was acid.

"I'll teach you to steal my man!" she shrilled, hurling the bottle full at Lily Lou.

"I'll teach you to steal my man!" she shrilled, hurling the bottle full at Lily Lou.

The boy tried to pull her out of danger, and they both fell. The glass shattered on the pavement and a crowd gathered from nowhere.

"Aw, it was empty," a disappointed spectator said.

The girl was weeping violently now, and the youth was trying to comfort her, gesticulating, explaining, begging forgiveness.

Lily Lou slipped away, sickened and humiliated. A splinter of flying glass had cut her cheek. She held her handkerchief over it in the subway, hoping that no one had noticed her part in the street brawl. Such things sear deeply. Her pride was wounded. To think she, an artist. . . .

But she swallowed her pride. It was a job. She wouldn't give it up until something better turned up. It paid well, and it left her days free. In a few days, when she was feeling herself again she could look up Tolari, and start her study. After that she wouldn't mind the chop suey place so much, because her mind would be filled with other things.

So she was in her place at the piano again the next night. The Armenian lad kept his head averted. The German looked at them with sad eyes. Lily Lou grit her teeth.

Rag. Blues. Syncopated ballads. An occasional operatic number, with the sad cellist half a beat behind.

Her fingers nearly dropped off. She was so tired, so tired. . . . Sometimes she felt that she couldn't bear it any longer.

Then they installed a canned orchestra, and she thought she couldn't bear that either.

Another week of idleness. What if she were really sick in this strange place? What if she had to write home for money . . . not that she'd do it . . . but suppose every cent was gone before she found work?

Lily Lou looked into her flattening purse and was afraid.

(To Be Continued)

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BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

Fighting Joe Hooker:

(Continuing from yesterday:)

"Thus all up and down the Pacific coast there was work to be done by the troops at home in guarding against the spirit of disloyalty which, fostered by the early reserves of the Union arms, was dangerous and threatening.

"The situation of Oregon at this time was one of peculiar danger. Both England and France were in open sympathy with the states in revolt. The French government was setting up an empire in Mexico. England was causing trouble over the disputed boundary at the entrance of Puget Sound. Not a single fort or coast or river defense existed in either Oregon or Washington, and at any time these hostile foreign powers might combine with the Indians as they had done in earlier wars and with the disloyal and disaffected within.

"Separated by such vast reaches of country from the loyal states of the Union, nothing of assistance could be expected from them in case of trouble, in time to be effective, and hence it was that, for upwards of three years, not merely the peace and security of Oregon but its permanency as a part of the federal union DEPENDED ON THE FIRST CAVALRY.

"The war governor, Addison C. Gibbs, a strong and patriotic man, organized a valuable addition to the military forces of the state in a state militia, whose CHIEF DUTY was to hold in check the Knights of the Golden Circle, to which it was a direct antithesis.

"At the second election of President Lincoln it was a KNOWN FACT that the Knights had their arms cached in the neighborhood of the leading polling places, and intended to carry the election by force of arms. This was only prevented by the militia, who were superior in numbers, and who adopted similar tactics which proved effective.

"One shudders at the fratricidal bloodshed and awful guerilla warfare that would have come to pass in the mountainous and thinly settled country had the first outbreak happened and the torch of rebellion been lighted. That it did not come to pass was another evi-

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Yesterdays

. . . Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

May 8, 1907

Two bandits yesterday morning held up the North Coast Limited train at Welch Spur in Idaho, murdered the engineer and wounded the fireman. Hounds set on their trail by police officers were stopped by red pepper which the desperadoes sprinkled in their path.

Attending the district convention of the Woodmen of the World at Portland yesterday were Messrs. George Savage, Charles Jacquet, Charles Williams, Charles Delaney, A. L. Harvey, W. D. Driver, A. L. Wallace, A. L. Fraser, Al Dickey, Jasper Longcore and Dr. Altman.

The board of education has decided to set May 22 as "Peary day" in the Oregon public schools and on that day the children will be invited to give from one cent to a nickel to the "Peary North Pole Fund."

May 8, 1922

Lord and Lady Astor and Mrs. Charles Dana of New York city have been extended an invitation by Governor Olcott to attend the annual Rose Festival in Portland next month.

It was announced here yesterday that the Starr Fruit company of Portland had about completed arrangement for erection of a canning plant in Salem, to employ 200 people and put up a quarter of a million cases of canned goods a year.

Daily Thought

"If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?"

—Anon.